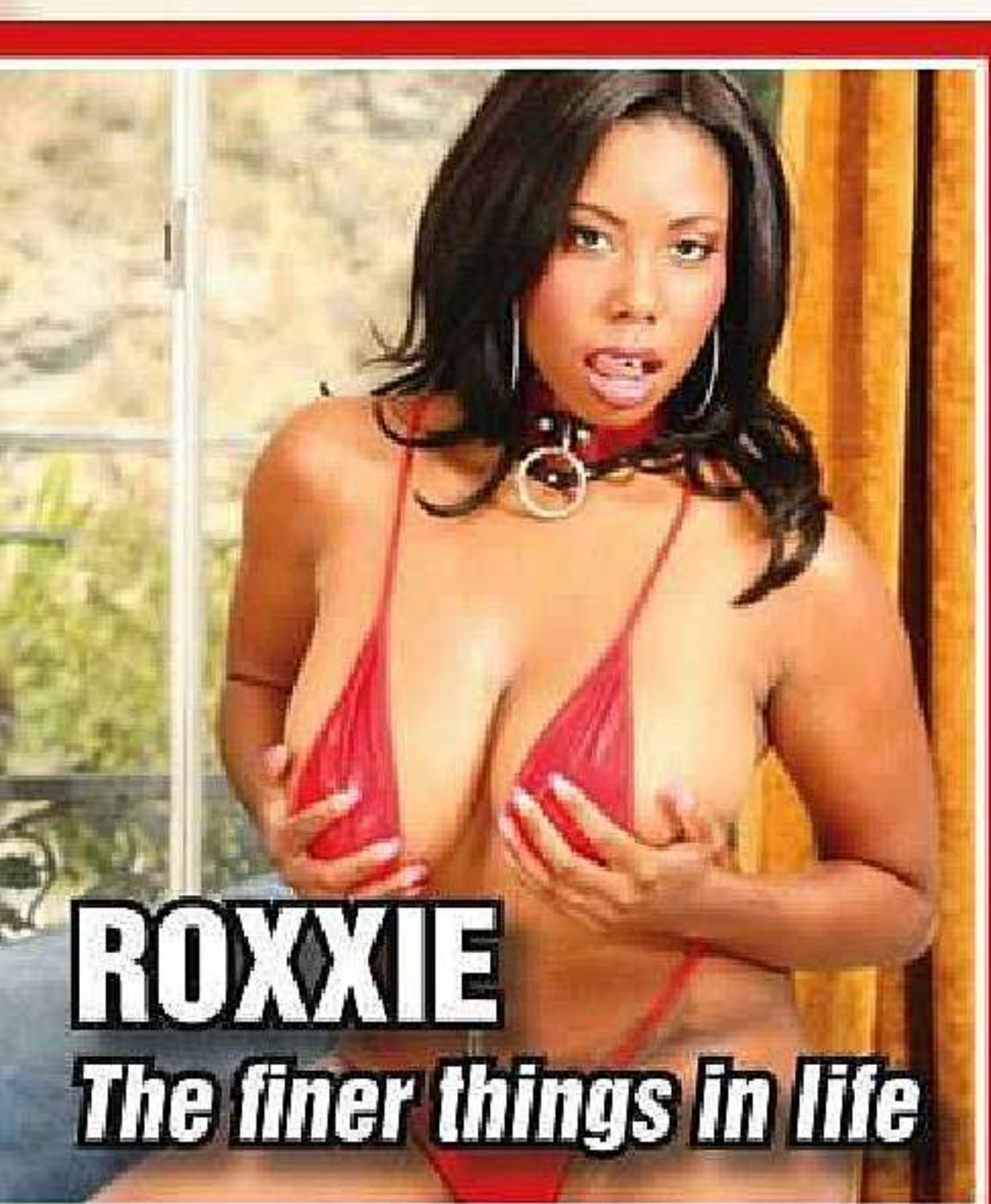


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Cameron had never been satisfied with ordinary. This is a girl with aspirations, with dreams, though she's had her share of unexpected surprises, namely the "uh-oh," which was her daughter. She's seen too many of her girlfriends go down the wrong road, winding up broken and bitter - this is a mistake she isn't about to make. Her mother was a single mother, and she isn't about to follow in her mother's footsteps, or put her kid through what she had to go through. One way or another, she's going to make everything okay. See, a girl like this has options. Everyone... and I mean everyone... wants a piece of this. All Cameron has to do is choose.

Cameron

Taking Control

Be warned: she's gonna take her
time with this one.





See, Cameron knows she's hot. Oh, does she know. At the same time, she's looking for that very special man who will make her feel like all woman, regardless of how hot she happens to be.







Over the last several months, Cameron's worked her way through quite a few possibilities. While none of them have turned out to be "Mr. Right," at least she's had a hell of a lot of fun in the process.



See, there is this misconception,
that moms don't like to be fucked.
This is very much untrue. In fact,
at the end of the day, this is all
Cameron looks forward to.



Let's just say that this just wants it any and every way. Every man's fantasy, right here, ready for anything. This is a quality gal, a gal who, very easily, could be sliding up and down on your cock.









Come on, fellas, a woman
in need is a woman indeed.
Help a sister out, and in the
process, get the fuck you'll
never forget.

800-308-5347



Candace

*Goddess
Gone Bad*

Now, Candace is bad, through and through. Just look at her - she looks like sex... dirty, filthy sex, incarnate. And with a body like this, she just can't help herself. Curves like this can't be hidden, and hiding is the last thing on her mind. She knows she's smokin' and she also knows she has her pick of men. She isn't choosy, but she isn't a slob either.





if you're looking for a totally depraved,
filthy and perverted fuck, look no
farther than Cameron. Just look at
her... she'll do anything, absolutely
anything, that you want.





For a girl like Cameron, she just can't wait. Or get enough. Already, she's been dry for 6 hours, which is a travesty in her world. Constant infusions are key, and when it comes to cock, well, she's never seen on she doesn't love.





Her holes haven't been sore for so long. Now that she's grown into herself, she's not satisfied with half-assed screwing. She expects star treatment. And pronto!







And if she gets hers, don't you worry
that she won't say thanks in the best
way she knows how. If you'd like this to
be your cock, between her plump titties,
give her a call, ask her out, and who
knows what will happen...

800-495-7466



If you have a story about one or more of your erotic experiences, then go write ahead. You can send your stories to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 9030 W. Sahara Ave. # 422, Las Vegas, NV 89117. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them – or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.

"You actually like watching this stuff?" Malcolm asked.

I smiled at the guy. He was slouched down on the other end of the sofa, in just his shorts and undershirt. "Football? Sure. What girl wouldn't like watching all those tight buns in motion? I especially like it when they pat each other on the bum after making a big play."

He grunted, scratching his groin area.

I jumped up and walked towards the kitchen, seeing it was a commercial break. "Another beer?"

And Malcolm suddenly sprang up out of his slouch and slapped me on the bum. "Nice call, babe," he said, grinning.

I was wearing a tight pair of jeans, and my left cheek stung where he'd whacked it with the flat of his big hand. "Get it yourself," I pouted, rubbing my bottom.

He towered over me. "Can't take the rough stuff, huh?"

I scooted to the side, and smacked his ass. Hard. Once, twice, on each thinly covered cheek.

His brown eyes locked onto mine. "Well, come on, then."

So I hit him twice more, his big, round buttocks clenched tight, skin taut underneath his shorts. And the big guy quivered, enjoying it!

I was turned-on myself, face flushed



TIGHT END

and palms of my hands hot. I'd never spanked or been spanked before, but I was quickly understanding what the attraction was – me and my boyfriend both. I smacked Malcolm's bottom a couple more times, flooding the pair of us with heat, me with an irresistible feeling of power.

The tall, lean, dark-haired guy winced ever so slightly, and I punished him

with a solid whack across both his cheeks, keenly noting how his cock was pushing out the front of his shorts. My pussy had gone wet with the same excitement.

"You want a proper spanking, you big baby!?" I hissed.

He nodded, his face red.

I dropped down onto the couch and pulled him close. And he obediently draped himself over my knees, in the spanking position.

I blew a few strands of blonde hair out

of my face and yanked Malcolm's shorts down. His buttocks sprang out pale and quivery, lightly dusted with hair and slightly reddened where my hands had already hit home. His hard cock pressed into my thighs.

I circled each ripe butt cheek with my fingernail, watching the skin tighten.

"Ready?"

He gulped and nodded, and I smacked his bare ass, making him jump. I spanked him repeatedly, my hand cracking against his buttocks.

He trembled with every blow, his cock pulsating hot and hard into my legs. My throat went as dry as my pussy was wet, as I swatted the guy's mounded rear-end, burning his bum and my hand. I stung his one buttock, then the other, then smacked him across both cheeks at once. Until my blows flashed white on the brick-red skin of his bottom.

He groaned and pumped his hips, his cock against me. Then he reached up with his left hand and dove his fingers down over top of my pussy, rubbing my clit.

"God!" I gasped, shivering just like the guy's bum.

I gripped Malcolm's undershirt with one hand and flailed his buttocks with the other, his fingers rubbing my brimming pussy. I spanked and spanked him, burning crimson, setting the both of us ablaze.

He scooped the big, heavy television remote control up off the carpet and handed it to me. "Use this!" he rasped. "Your hand is too weak. It isn't getting through anymore."

That really made me mad, even more excited. I tore the remote out of his hand and lifted it up in mine, over my



head, brought it crashing down across his buttocks. He just about jumped right out of my lap.

I cracked his ass again and again with the long plastic wand. His butt cheeks shivered with each and every heavy blow, battered almost beyond recognition now. His fingers pressed into my molten pussy, jerking inside me with the blows that I landed on him.

It was wicked, wild, absolutely wonderful; little me blistering the big guy's butt, his hard, pulsing cock pumping into my thighs, his fingers pumping into my pussy. I fanned his flaming buttocks with the remote till they just about smoked, striking every impudent inch of the mounded pair.

His hot breath hissed out in gasps, and I had trouble breathing, too, my whaling arm gone just as numb as his bum. We were both shaking out of control,

yelling at one another; he exhorting me to keep going, me taunting him to keep taking it. I can only imagine what the neighbours down below were thinking.

Me and my bum-blasted beau were thinking orgasm, impending, imperative.

"Yeah! Fuck, yeah!" Malcolm belled, jerking over my knees, his cock pulsing out hot sperm, ecstasy.

I fanned his quivering cheeks with a final fury, just as his fingers hit just the right spot, setting me off. I blazed with orgasm, matching Malcolm's ecstasy, the searing heat from the wanton pair of us incredible.

Football has become a Sunday afternoon ritual for us, among other things.

- Jennie Blackburn

PHONEY LOVE

I'm not the trusting type. When my new girlfriend, Avon, said she was going to spend all of Sunday shopping by herself, I got suspicious; booked the day off work to follow her around and see what she was really up to.

Avon's a tall, slender girl with long, brown hair and long, silky legs. She's got a supermodel face to go with the body, the tits of a full-figure model. Naturally, I want to keep her all to myself. Naturally, I was sure the super-fox was picking up on some of the lines cast her way by male admirers.

Turns out, I could've saved an inch of rubber sole and a sick day, because the luscious babe spent the entire morning and afternoon browsing various strip malls and street shops, stopping only for a salad lunch and a bottle of water late in the afternoon. She'd probably wanted to spare me the ordeal of watching her shop (even though she hadn't), and I should've been grateful. But I wasn't. I still had my suspicions.

I was hanging out in a phone booth next to a bus stop when Avon finally sauntered out of a dress shop. It was six o'clock by this time, shadows forming, and I slipped out of the booth and made like a shadow, around the corner as she approached.

She collapsed with her shopping bags down onto the bus bench. I pulled out my cell and punched up the phone booth number, peering around the corner.

The phone rang and rang. Avon looked up and down the empty sidewalk. Then she shrugged her soft shoulders and strolled over to the booth and glided inside.



"Hello?"

"I want to suck your tits, pretty lady," I growled, in a lower key than normal.

There was a long pause. I watched Avon in the lighted booth, holding her bags in one hand, the phone receiver in the other. I grinned, about to hang up, finally satisfied.

She breathed, "Go on."

I gritted my teeth, squeezing the cell-phone so hard I almost crushed it. "I'm going to tear off your blouse and grab onto your ripe, firm tits, squeeze them, fucking maul them, pinch and twist your hard, pointed nipples!"

The silence this time was broken by audible breathing – hers and mine.

"Mmm-hmm," she murmured.

The shopping bags were down on the ground now. She half-turned in the booth, away from the street, and I could see her face and body clearly. She bit her lip, as she slid her free hand up inside her blouse and onto one of her tits. There was a soft, breathless moan.

I rasped, "Then I'm going to suck one of your nipples into my mouth and pull on it, bite into it, just about tear the fucking jutter right off your tit! Do the same to your other stiff nipple!"

Her hand moved in her blouse, squeezing her tit, pinching and rolling her nipple.

The phone almost squirted right out of my sweating hand. The babe – my girlfriend – was feeling herself up right inside the public phone booth, getting off on some complete stranger talking dirty to her.

"I'm going to suck your nipples raw, grope your tits until their bruised. Then I'm going to drag my tongue down your chest and onto your stomach, into the trim, dark fur of your pussy."

"Yes!"

Avon slid her hand out of her blouse and into her skirt, over top of her pussy.

"Please, go on!" the cheating bitch whimpered, leaning back against the glass and clutching the phone and rubbing her pussy.

I went on, grimly. "I'm going to spread your dripping pink flaps with my fingers and stick my tongue right inside your pussy, fuck you with my tongue – back and forth inside your cunt!"

"You cunt," I added under my breath. I could see two of her fingers knuckle-bulge her skirt, like she'd just plugged the pair right inside her pussy. "Tongue-



fuck me!" she pleaded. "Eat me!" She was finger-fucking herself, all right, cheating on me with some perverted guy who'd just happened to dial her number.

"I'm going to lick up and down your snatch," I gritted, "lapping your pussy, swallowing your juices. You're so fucking wet for it! I'm licking you from your pink little pucker to your swollen pink button, over and over!"

"Oh, God, yes!"

Her hand was pumping back and forth under her skirt at lightning speed. She cradled the phone on her shoulder against her ear, thrusting her left hand into her blouse and playing with her tits. As she plunged her slit and rubbed her clit with her right hand.

Despite the brutal betrayal, my cock was a throbbing rod in my jeans. I

ripped it out, hugging tight against the brick side of the corner store and glaring at Avon, fisting my dick. "I've got your puffed-up clit in my mouth, sucking on it, slapping it with my tongue!

Until-"

"I'm coming!" she cried, her body and tits jumping, fingers buried deep in her pussy.

I grunted and jerked, shooting rope after rope of white-hot, angry jizz out of my jacked-up cock.

"See you at my place tonight, Ian?"

Avon suddenly asked, shocking me out of my dizzy funk. "So we can finish our interesting conversation – face-to-face?"

-Ian Unger



From the moment Cheyenne popped into the world, it seemed as though she'd been born for no other purpose than to cause her mother grief. Perhaps this was because her mother was strictly religious, or perhaps because Cheyenne was simply born in the wrong century, but whatever the case, she couldn't wait to explore her full potential. From an early age, Cheyenne had felt things... odd things... things that left her quivering. She used to ride her bike to get these feelings. Now, she had a different plan to scratch that annoying itch.



Cheyenne

Insatiable





...I knew that if she was really honest
he would make a great love. It felt like
I was in a dream, a dream, and it
felt like I was in a dream.





I suppose it added insult to injury that she chose to seduce her mother's lover. But, with a choice like this, is there really a choice?



She took it all, like a good girl and loved every single minute of it. She knew there was no way her prudish mother would ever agree to do some of the nasty things she liked to do - and have done to her.







This is chemistry you can't create. MILF or super-teen-slut?? It's a close call, but with the way little Cheyenne whores around on his pole, perhaps not such a close call after all.





Seems like this guy's still on the fence.
Why don't you help him make up his
mind? At the end of the day, isn't Chey-
enne tops? Give her a call and let her
know you'd give her props. One man's
loss is another man's gain.

800-495-7588



From an early age, Jenna knew what she wanted in a man. She was fragile, artistic, sensual... she needed someone who would appreciate that. Her mother's boyfriends were cruel brutes, who didn't give a damn about her after they'd gotten what they wanted. Jenna knew she was hot and strong enough to keep this from happening to her. She had a plan, and an idea of where she wanted to end up. It definitely didn't include welfare and maternal privilege.



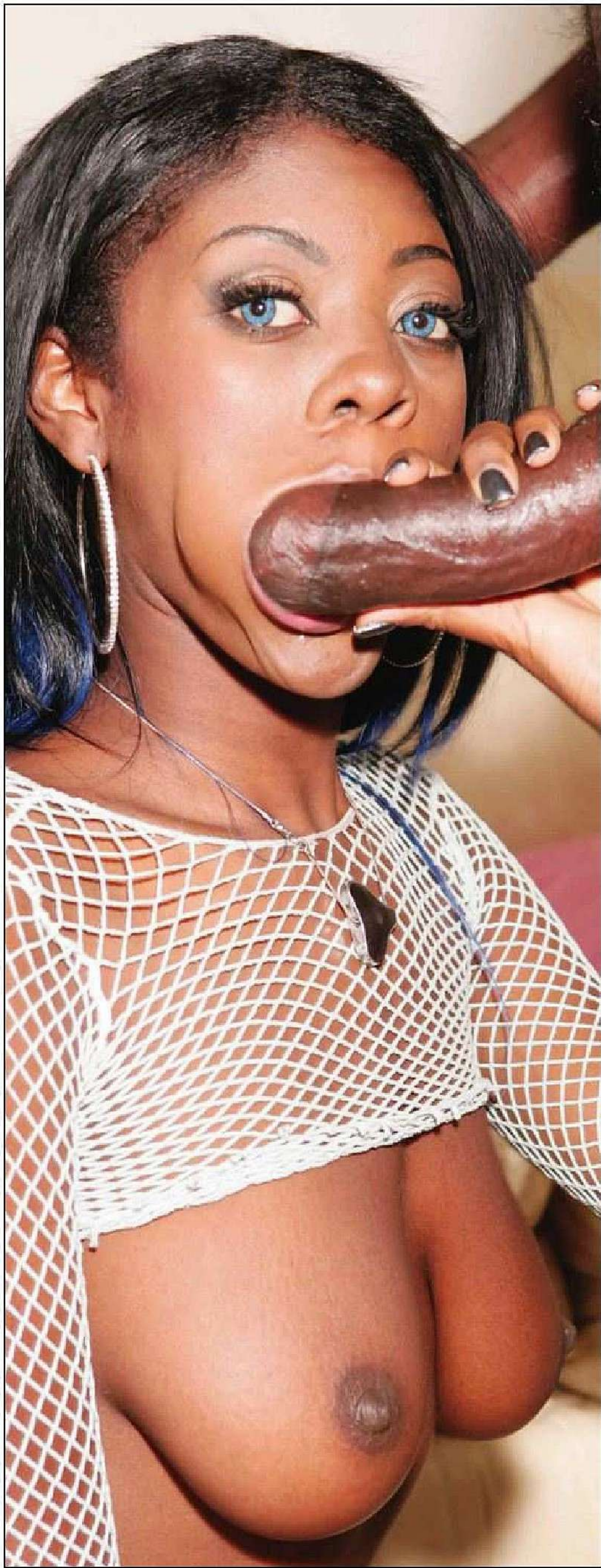


She knew what it takes to get
a guy and she knew she had it.
What guy could possibly resist a
girl with a body like this?





When it comes to fucking, Jenna has absolutely no hold-ups. For her, fucking isn't real until she's choked on a good 9+-inches of hard and throbbing cock. Fellatio is one thing about which Jenna is not at all shy.





But when it comes right down to it, the girl just wants a good and hard fuck. This hole just needs all sorts of filling.







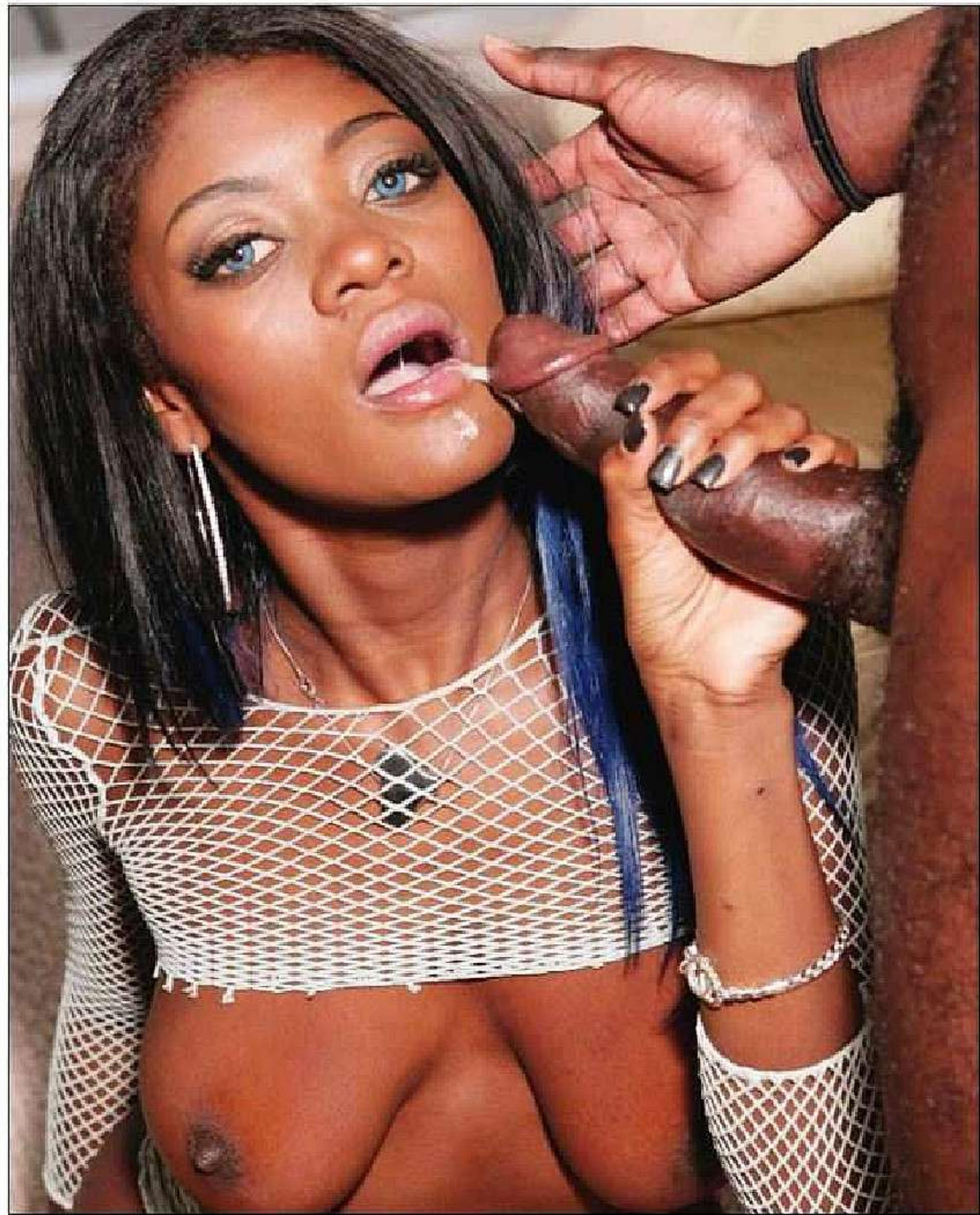
The thing about Jenna is that she likes it every which way; she isn't picky.



In fact, she gets off harder and faster when her tiny little asshole is crammed full of wet, hard cock.



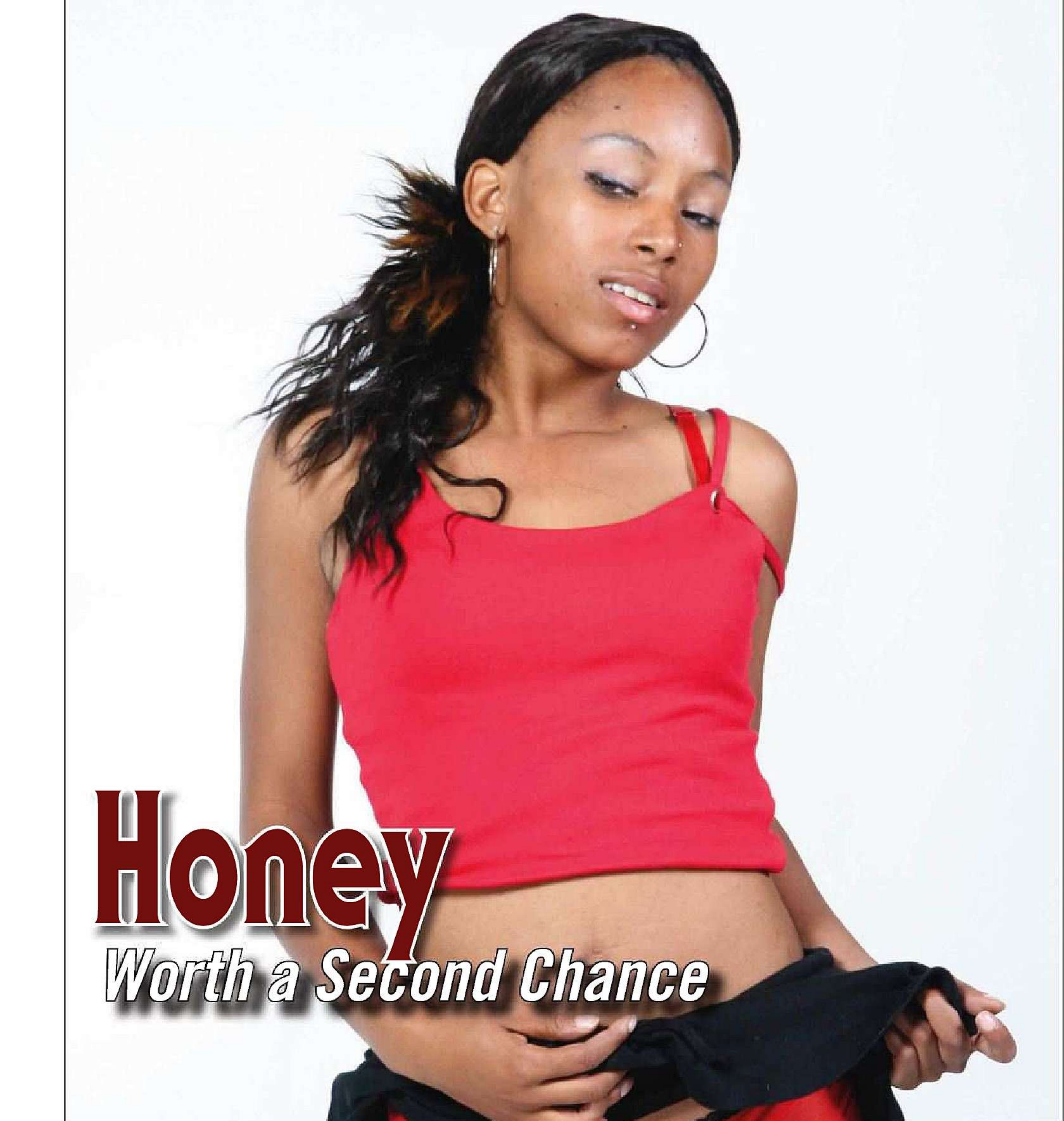




A photograph of a woman with long dark hair and blue highlights, wearing a white fishnet top. She is performing oral sex on a man whose penis is visible in her mouth. She has her eyes closed and a focused expression. The man's hand is visible, holding her head. The background is a simple indoor setting with a wooden chair and a bed.

For this slut, it's just the beginning;
she won't be stopping anytime soon.
Look at those eyes - wouldn't you like
to be next in line, allowing her to show
you just how sexy she can be? Come
on, you know you can't resist...

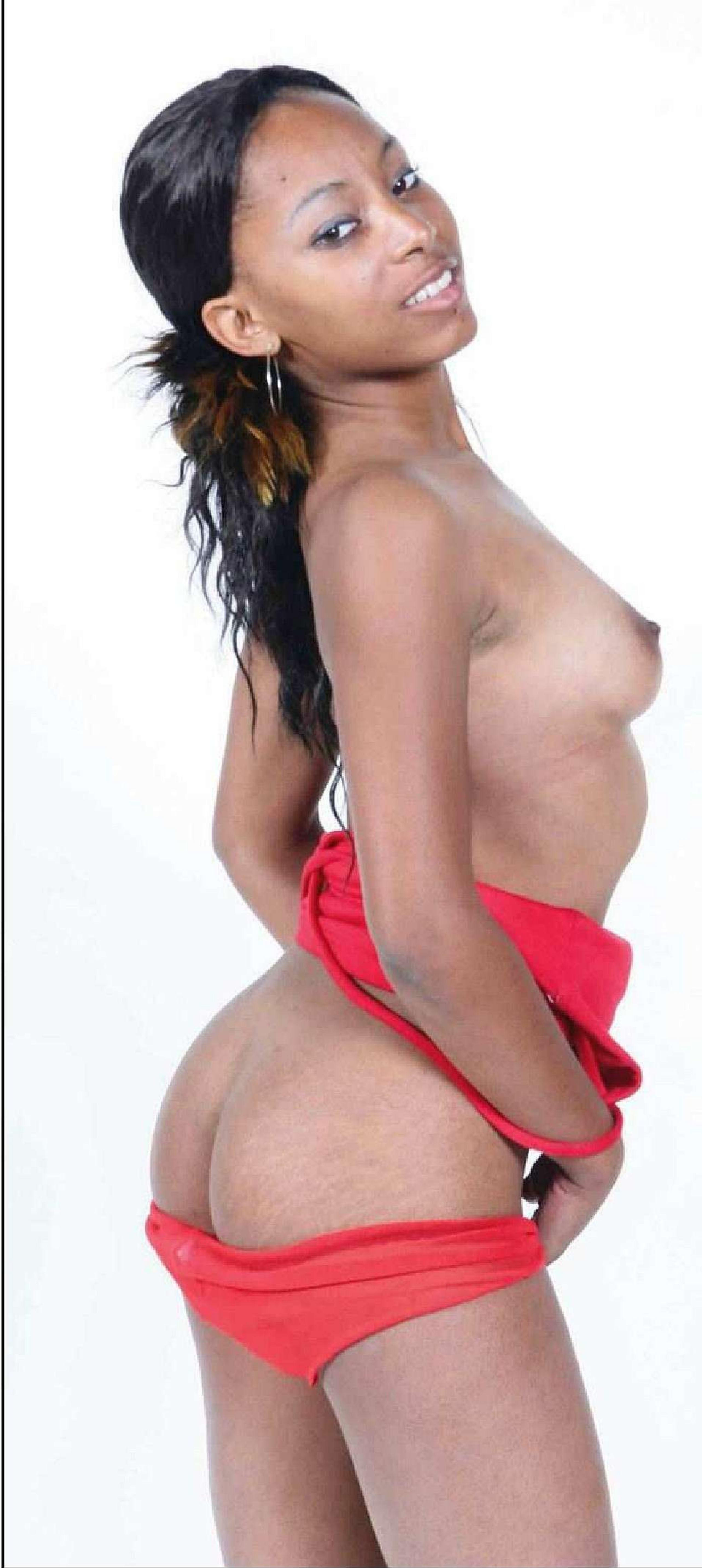
888-597-2739



Honey

Worth a Second Chance

Honey'd just lost 190 pounds of dead-weight - dead weight in the form of her heartless ex-boyfriend. She had thought she was pregnant, told her boyfriend, anticipating that he'd be happy, since they'd often talked about starting a family and making things official. He was anything but excited. He called her a bitch and a whore, and that she'd done this on purpose, just to trap him in a dead-end relationship and keep him from being happy. She was floored. This was not the man she thought she knew. This was a monster - an abusive cruel asshole. She watched in shock as he threw his clothes in a bag, then slammed the door in her face, daring her to ever speak to him again. This wasn't the fairy-tale ending Honey had expected.



Turns out she wasn't really pregnant - a false scare - but that didn't mean that she wanted anything to do with her ex. He'd shown his true colours, and those weren't colours she liked





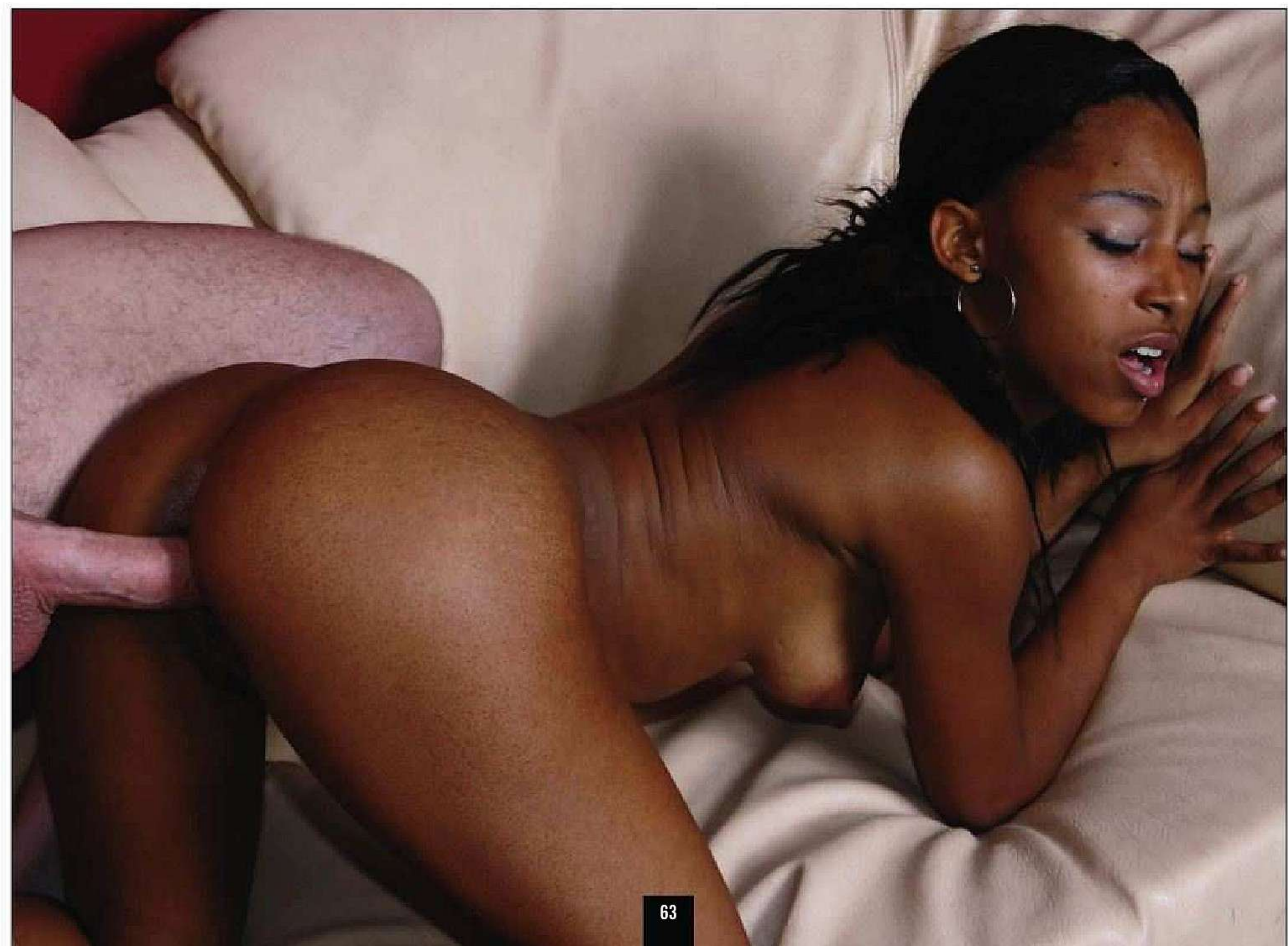


This didn't mean that she didn't still have needs. She was angry, she was lonely, and more than anything, she wanted to prove that men still wanted her.



She'd never been with a white man before, but her exes hadn't done too much for her, so maybe a change was what she needed.







She had to admit, the guy could hold his own. She'd had some pretty big cocks before, and while this guy couldn't compare in girth and length, it was all about finesse. He knew what he was doing; Honey'd never had a man who actually cared so much about her pleasure.







Who knows, she just might give this one a chance. But, if not, she's learned that broadening her horizons can actually be a good thing. In fact, she might be trying all sorts of new things in the future. Care to try them with her?

888-599-2264





Kianna *Rent Control*

Kianna had worked hard to get her apartment. She'd grown up, sharing a 3 and a half with her mother and 3 sisters. There had never been enough room, and peace and quiet had been in short supply. This is why a place of her own - a large place of her own - had always been so important. She'd started saving in high school, and after she graduated, she got a job that could support the type of lifestyle she wanted. She found a place, a bit run-down, but large, and after quite a bit of hard work, she transformed it into her dream home. This lasted until her company folded and she found herself unemployed. Simple things, like making rent, became impossible.



She'd worked so hard to get where she was, she wasn't going to give it up easily. Though not optimal, a roommate seemed like the best route to go. At least it was better than losing her home.





Still, she had certain specifications. If she was going to open her home to someone, they had to meld with her free-loving and living lifestyle, as well as abiding by the roommate rule of sharing their mutual needs.





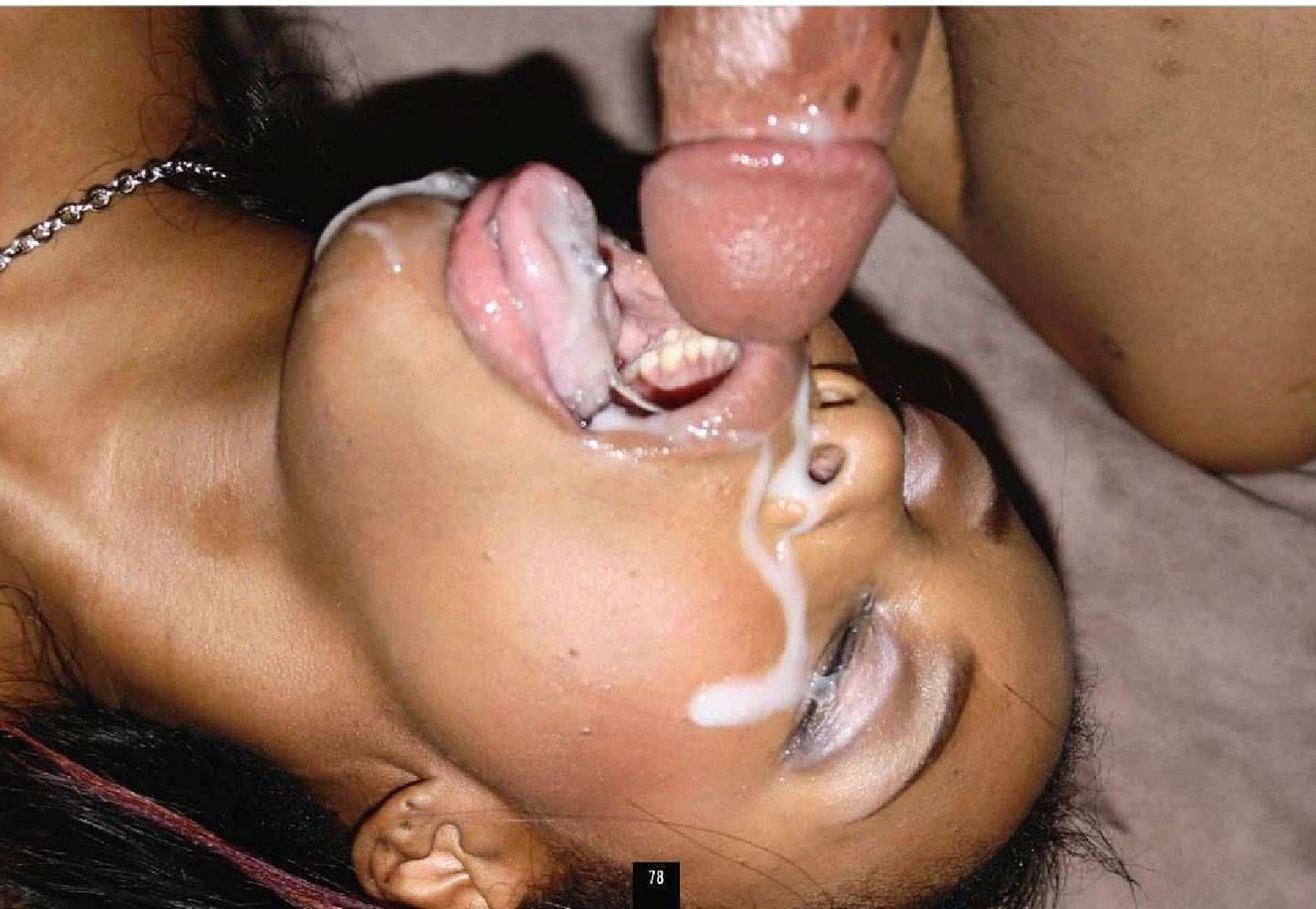
Of course, the interview process often got very personal. Kianna wanted to know what she'd have to work with. There definitely wasn't room for duds in her life, and in this situation, she didn't feel bad being picky.



After all, it was not only her apartment, but also her bed and cunt that she'd be sharing. She wanted to make sure it was a perfect fit.









So far, she hasn't found the perfect roommate, though she's had a hell of a lot of fun looking. A cock-sucker like this shouldn't be taken for granted. Might you be the roommate of Kianna's dreams?

888-664-5347



Monica

*An Unlikely
Affair*



Monica had met her current fling at a mixer. They'd had a few drinks, and Monica instantly knew she wanted more, and when Monica wants more, there's no saying no to her. She took him home, showed him all she had, draining him completely dry and, in the morning, providing a repeat performance. This continued for a few weeks, until she started realizing he was acting a little strange. He rarely stayed the night, and sometimes when she tried to call, his phone would be off. She started to get suspicious. Was her dream man too good to be true?



She wasn't about to confront him - the fucking was too good to risk scaring him off. Instead, she did the honorable thing: she followed him.





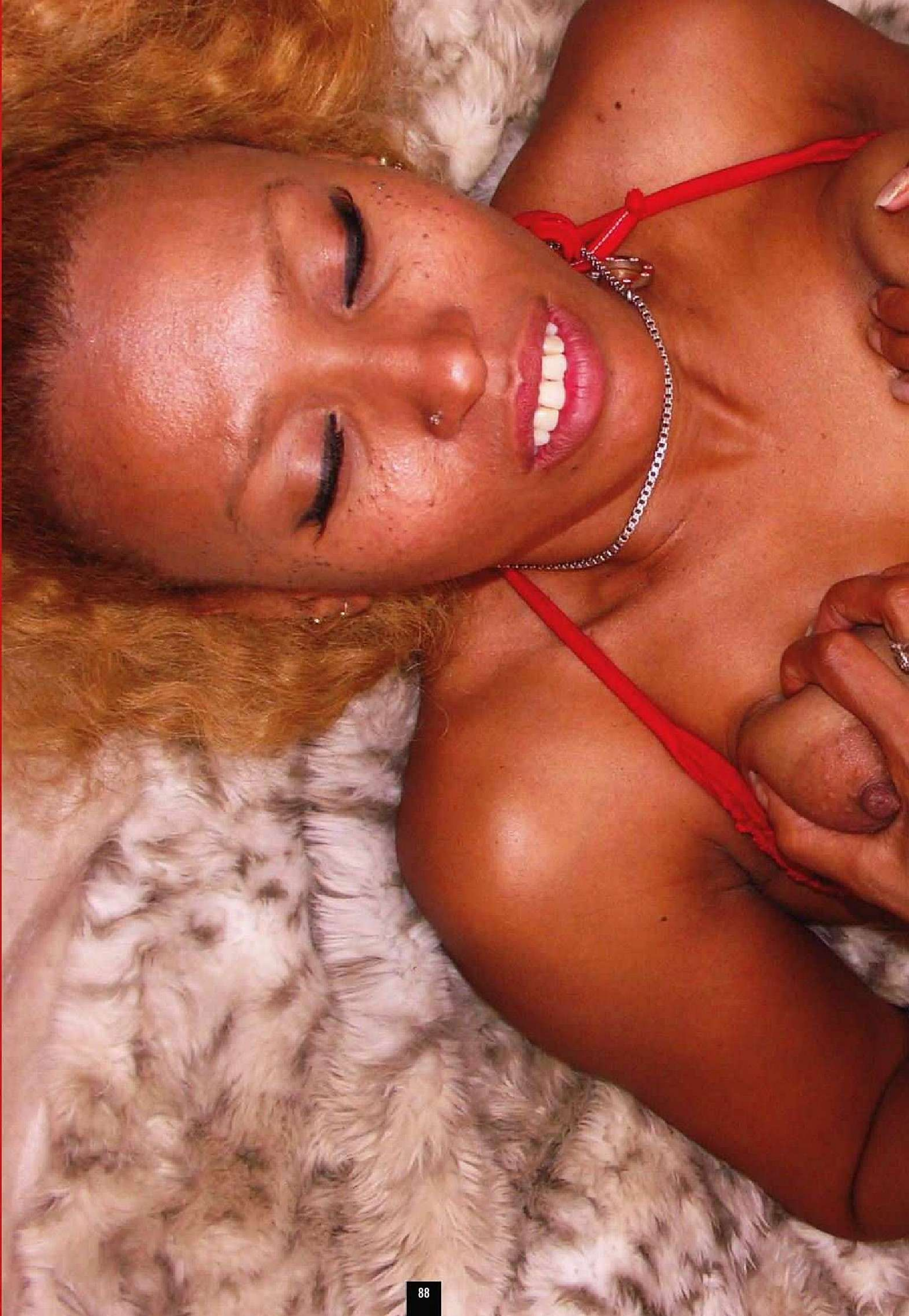


Turns out, when he was finished with her in the evening, leaving her cunt dripping with his cum, he'd head home... to his wife... no doubt repeating the process with her, neither woman suspecting that he was hopping beds, his cock getting double the pleasure.



When it came to things like cheating, Monica had few hang-ups. Definitely not enough to dump the guy. After all, he'd made no promises, and when it came to the screwing, on some level it made it all the hotter.







If he could have a secret, so could she. She just pictured his clueless wife, cumming all over the dick which, mere minutes earlier, Monica had coated with her own cream.



Maybe she should have
felt bad. Maybe she should
have called it off. But it only
made her want it more.







A girl like this, there's no stopping her.
Maybe you have some secrets you'd
like to share with her? She'll make it
worth your while.

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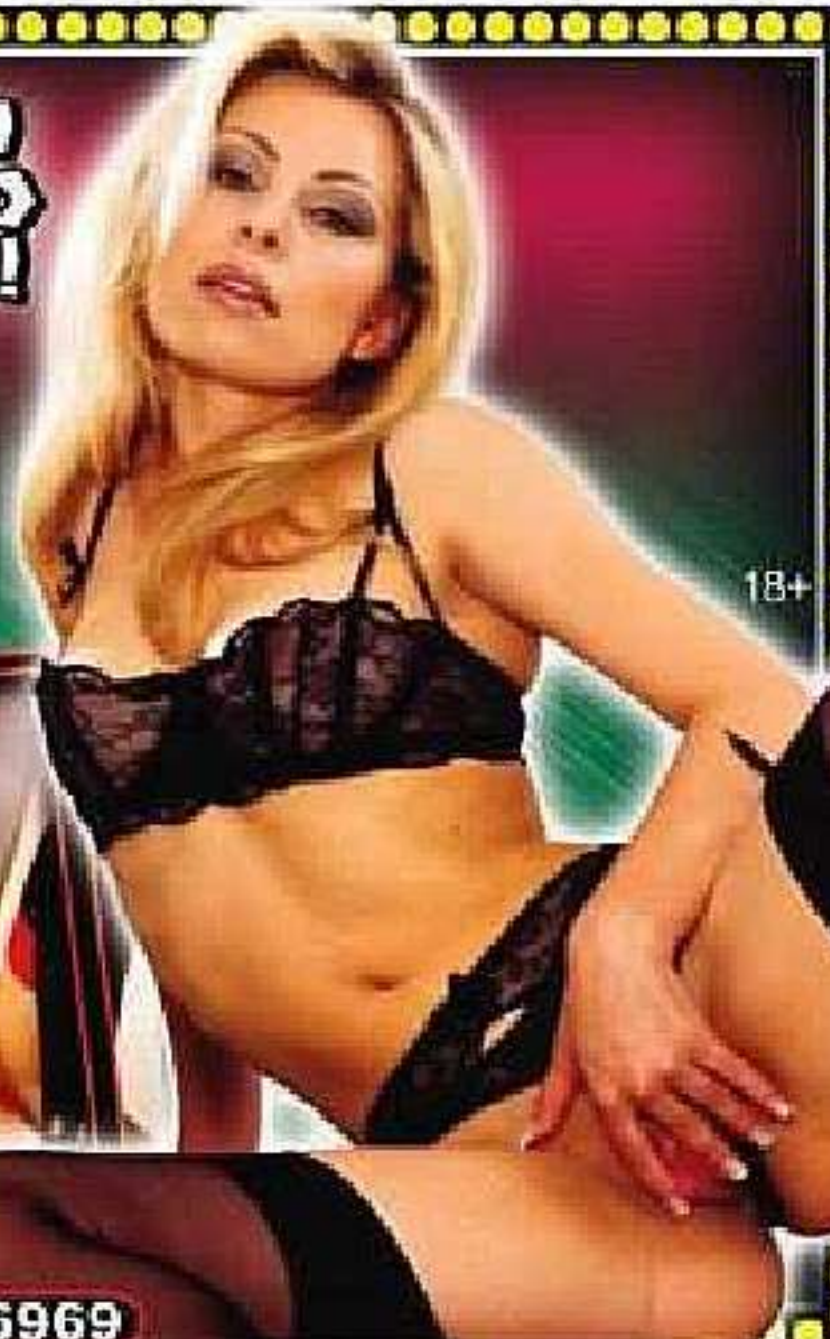
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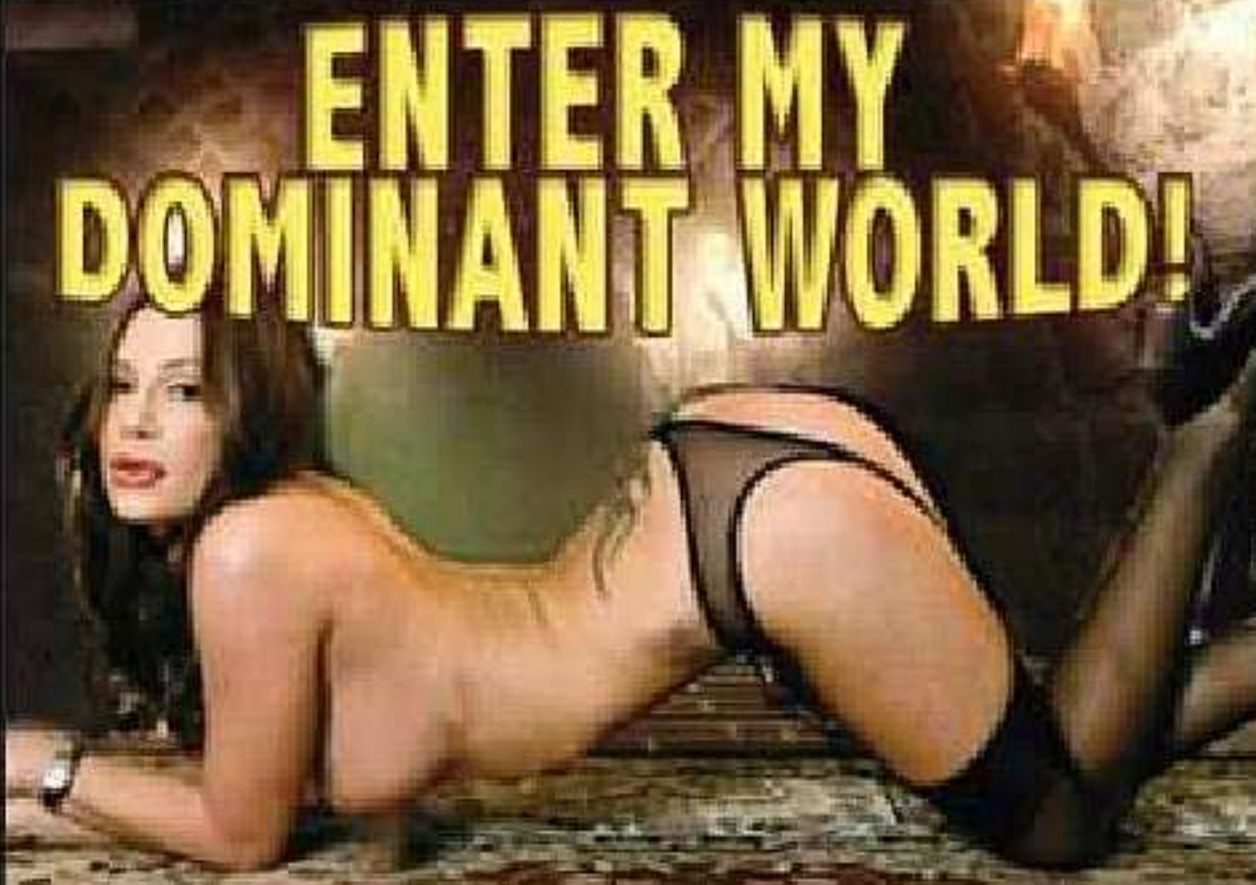
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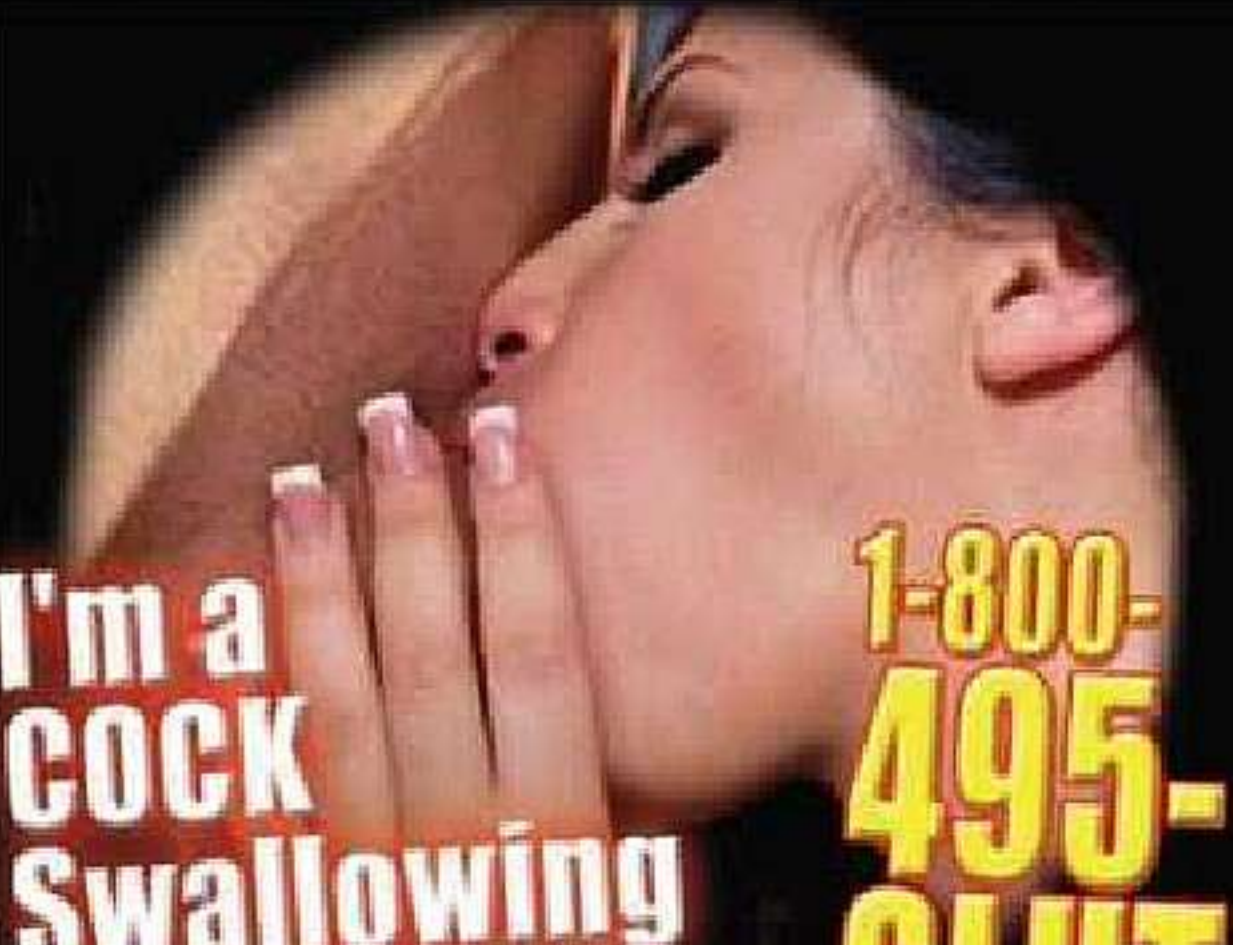
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